

# Halloween Day

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## Halloween Day by [casstayinmyass](#)

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**Summary:**

You enlist Pennywise's help decorating your place for Halloween.

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## Author's Note:

Happy Halloween everyone! :D

You hold up a long string of pumpkin lights, showing them to the clown swinging his legs over the front porch railing.

"These are for lighting the pathway."

Pennywise stares at them from his spot, mouth opening. "Why?" he mutters, cocking his head.

You shrug. "Remember that whole thing I told you about, with pumpkins and Halloween?"

"Oh," he holds a finger up, "Oh, yes, yes... people think pumpkins are scary. I should turn into a pumpkin so I can get some dinner tonight."

You frown. "Uh... don't think that'll work, but okay."

"Tonight, I'll be able to feast... so much fear in the air on Halloween, ooh hoohahaha!" He lets his crazy laugh out, and you can't help but grin with him, despite the fact that he was going to eat some poor trick or treaters tonight. He suddenly looks down into the box of decorations, and lets out a delighted giggle.

"Oh yeah," you laugh as you see what he's found. It's a severed arm; a plastic one.

"Can I eat this?" he asks you, dead serious with those puppy eyes, and you chuckle.

"I wouldn't... but then again, I don't feed on flesh."

He gnaws on the end, and realizing it's hard and gross and most certainly not edible, makes a revolted face and tosses it away.

"Oh! Oh, this is spooky..." he pulls out a zombie baby, and goes to

chew on it out of curiosity before he sees that it's plastic too.

"Why are you like this?" I smirk, snatching the zombie baby away from him.

"My goodness, how festive, you two!" you both hear, and turn to see your neighbour. You smile nervously, watching Pennywise stare her down. Your somewhat nosy neighbour has children, and you were constantly convincing Penny they would not make a good midnight snack when he was over at your place. "Love the decorations-- and your boyfriend here! Am-azing costume. The detail on it... where did you get it?"

"I created it from a ball of energy from the atmosphere around a very small star, eons from here," Pennysise tells her, lips widening proudly as he basks in the flattery.

"So you're going as what this year then? An alien-clown?!" she laughs, "Like there's such thing as an alien-clown!!"

Penny twitches at the seemingly mocking laughter, smile instantly dropping. He begins to imitate her annoying, shrill laughter until she stops abruptly, and Pennywise goes right up to the fence, getting in her face.

"What are you going as, a middle aged failure?" he asks, "Ignorant fucking meatbag."

You let out a loud laugh, grabbing him by his ruffled collar and dragging him back.

"Ahaaa! Funny guy, huh? Real funny guy..."

You nudge him, and he frowns for a second before he realizes his mistake, turning back and putting on his innocent blue eyes.

"What I meant was, have a haaaaappy Halloween, Kimberly!"

As your neighbour rushes in, you turn to him incredulously. "Really, Pennywise? My neighbours already think I'm weird- I don't need this on my plate."

"What's wrong with being weird?" Penny asks, rummaging back in the Halloween bag, "I like you because you're weird."

You smirk as he gets up to pin you to the side of the house. "Well, good thing. I'm dating an eldritch demon." This goes over his head, and you smile at the look of confusion on his face. "Just help me finish decorating, creep." You kiss his cheek, and he does his little shake, scrunching up his nose.

As you get up on a ladder to hang a floating ghost, you feel something hit your hip, and you look down to see Penny hurling things up at you. "This one's scary!" he shouts, and you have to dodge a big fuzzy spider being flung your way.

"One at a time, please?" you call, wobbling on your ladder.

"Oh," he nods, and takes out a giant fortune teller's ball, which he throws your way.

"N-no-!" You duck again, and it crashes against the house, sending you toppling off the ladder with a scream. You fall right into his cushy grip, and he stares down at you, shaking you out like a rag doll and plopping you on your feet. He then looks down at the broken pieces of glass, and inspects them.

"You know what? Why don't you go inside and work on the candy apples, okay?" you chuckle, and he nods dejectedly.

As you continue to hang decorations, you begin to second guess yourself. Letting Pennywise anywhere near your kitchen is a bad idea. Going in after a while of rising doubt, you're surprised to see the candy apples almost finished, all laying dipped nicely on a sheet in thick red.

"They look... amazing," you smile, and he wraps his arms around you from behind.

"Mmm, they taste even better! Try one, try one!"

You reach out and grab one, then take a bite. Suddenly, panic sets in. "Y-you didn't..."

"I didn't what?"

"Who is this?"

"Don't you mean what is this?" he asks playfully, grinning an evil smile, and you drop the apple, folding your arms.

"No, I mean who!"

He chuckles darkly, and clasps his hands in front of him. "I don't remember his name. Kiddie from a week ago. I keep his blood with me for seasoning, he had the tastiest fear when I showed up under his bed that night."

"Euuck," you mutter, scraping your tongue over the sink, and Pennywise hums thoughtfully.

"Maybe... maybe you'll feel better if we put on a scary movie?"

You smile a little, despite what just happened. He always uses horror movies as a segway into sex, with the mix of fear and your physical closeness to him while you snuggle and watch. You two choose Nightmare on Elm Street, his newfound favourite, and snuggle in together.

"I should get into costume," you say about halfway through the film, realizing it's getting late and rising. Penny yanks you back down roughly overtop of him, and flips you so he's on top.

"Bad idea... I'd rip it right off of you."

He attacks your neck with kisses, and you giggle.

The trick or treaters will just have to wait.